☆☆ Volume 6 No1

the stormtrooper magazine

25c

The Untold Story of Benito Mussolini

the stormtrooper
MAGAZINE

THE STORMTROOPER magazine is the official news magazine of the American Nazi Party published in the U. S. A. Box 5505, Arlington, Virginia.

JOHN PATLER
Editor

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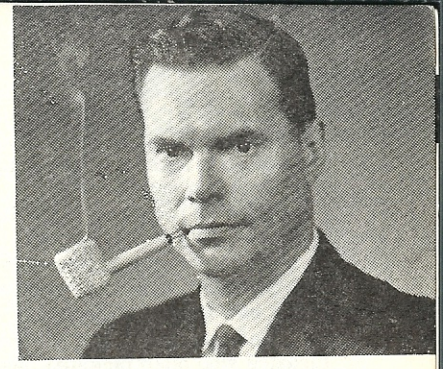


From the Desk of the COMMANDER

Do-goodism is Treason

My duties as Commanding Officer of a Navy Patrol Squadron in Iceland often took me into the homes of Icelandic officials. On one of these visits, I met a female "do-gooder". She was so super-nice that she just oozed "love" and sweetness--sickening sweetness.

As with most of these people, she pretended to have not an ounce of hate in her. But just once, I managed to bring the real nature of these do-gooders to the surface.

I got into an argument with her, backed her into a corner, and saw the flash of naked, savage, murderous rage in her eyes.

She had stated that the physical torture of a human being was never justified, no matter what the circumstances.

I asked her what she'd do if she were Chief of Police of Reykjavik (the Icelandic capital, where the conversation took place), and she captured a beautiful young girl who admitted being a Communist spy ... and who then boasted that she had planted a hydrogen bomb, set to go off in five hours, in the middle of Reykjavik.

My charming hostess put on a saintly expression and stated that she'd rather be blown to dust than torture the girl to find out where it was and stop it.

I agreed that it was her privilege to die for her principles, but I asked her if she thought she also had the right to allow the bomb to kill, burn, maim, mutilate, disfigure, agonize and drive insane tens of thousands of innocent people, including women and children. Did she have the right to allow her craze for "love" of ONE person to destroy and torture tens of thousands of other people? When an hour or so of relatively temporary torture of ONE person could save thousands from permanent crippling and thousands of lifetimes of unspeakable agony, what right did she have to chose to indulge her own "love" theories and let the commie spy go while thousands died?

Was she really becoming a mass torturer of innocents by being too chicken-hearted to get the truth out of one vile killer?

She tried to duck the issue, with fancy talk about "morals" and "duties". But I kept forcing her to see that it was a simple choice between torture of one guilty person to save the permanent agonizing torture of thousands.

She kept sweetly insisting that she would never "hurt" any other human being, no matter how vile. So I drove home the deadly fact that she was actually choosing to hurt tens of thousands, because she was a moral

coward. Her sweet "do-good" pose suddenly vanished. The sickening little smile changed to a wild-eyed look of pure hate, and she spat at me like an angry cat.

"You're not going to trick me with your lies!" she hissed.

But the choice I presented to her was no trick; it is the exact choice which now faces humanity.

She reminded me of the religious fanatics who once picketed one of my speeches with signs reading "Love Conquers All", and who raged at me, shaking their fists, "Rockwell, you are evil; you must be killed!"

The fat-head liberals who, unlike the scheming Jews and Communists, sincerely believe the coons are our "equals"; who have been "kept down" by "bigotry" and "prejudice"; are precisely in the same dilemma as the "do-good" lady in Iceland and the religious fanatics threatening to murder me with picket signs reading, "Love Conquers All".

When a life-boat is full so that only one more might possibly get aboard without sinking the whole boat and two men must get aboard or drown, the officer-in-charge of the boat must take only one aboard--and watch the other drown.

It is all very well to talk of brotherhood, sharing, noble character, etc., and there can be no question but these concepts have a very definite place in human society. Without them, we would be dumb beasts.

But on the other hand, when there are two groups struggling for survival and the mathematics and logistics of the situation make it impossible for both groups to survive, then it is the duty of the leader of each group to do everything within his power to secure the survival of his group. Leaders, who at this point, become mushy-headed with love and brotherhood for the other group at the expense of their own are traitors. So it has been for a million years of life on this earth, and so it shall always be. There can be no compromise in the ultimate struggle to survive. As long as bare survival is possible for one's own group, it is a mark of nobility and decency to be "the good Samaritan". But when one's own group is facing destruction, to play the generous "do-gooder" at the expense of the survival of one's own people is suicidal and treason.

So far, the bounty of America has been so stupendous and apparently infinite that we have been able to survive 40 or 50 years of this kind of "do-goodism" on behalf of cannibals, Communist Jews and the very scum of the earth--most of whom are "under privileged" for the same reason that a mongrel horse can't win races. They are unfit to survive and, with infinite wisdom Nature would exterminate them by the millions with starvation, disease, cannibalism and the thousand-and-one other hazards on this earth for the unfit. The "do-gooders" and liberals cannot see because they WILL NOT see that the largesse from America's bounty cannot go on forever without utterly destroying the "master race" of White men who produced the bounty in the first place.

But that is precisely what is happening. The population of the entire earth is almost literally exploding. And the fantastic increase is not in the numbers of the White producers and civilization builders but in the infinite swarming of the dark biological scum of the earth organized and led by parasitic Jews under Communism.

Only a few more years and the White Race will be forced to realize that either we reassert absolute mastery over the earth's teaming biological inferiors or they will overwhelm us like a filthy black plague of locusts.

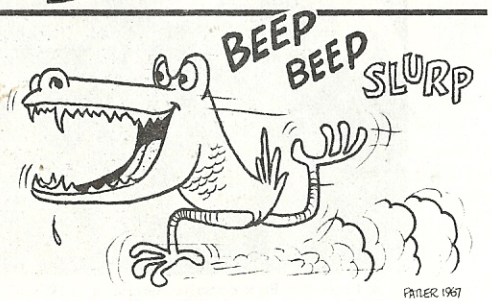
The time is not far off when a White man who recommends any "rights" for niggers and other non-Whites will be set upon by other White men who will finally understand that such "do-goodism" is RACIAL TREASON!

HATELETS

QUIZ

Q: WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS AN ALLIGATOR WITH A ROADRUNNER?

A: A ONE HUNDRED MILE AN HOUR NIGGER-EATER!

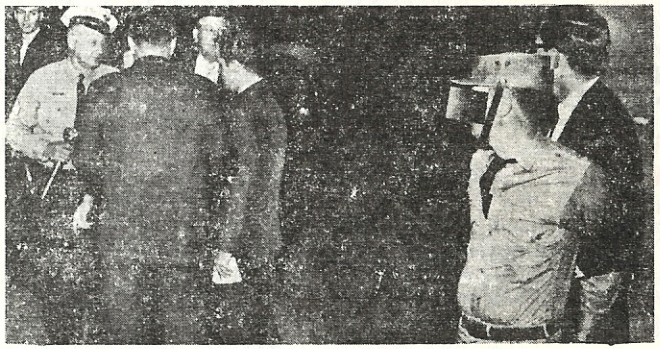


COMBAT REPORT

A U.S. Nazi was arrested at Southern Methodist University during a speech given by the Jew Arthur Goldberg, Ambassador to the U.N.

The American Nazis had shown up to picket against Goldberg and the United Nations. A fist fight erupted when one of the Nazi pickets was attacked from behind. All four men involved in the fight were charged with "disturbing the peace". Each posted a $ 25 bond.

OPPOSING DEMONSTRATORS LINE ENTRANCE TO LBJ RANCH
American Nazis support war . . .



A University Park detective restrains a khaki-uniformed member of the American Nazi party after a fistfight erupted Tuesday night at Southern Methodist University between one of the Nazis and another man.

In another demonstration, U.S. Nazi Stormtroopers from the Dallas unit appeared at the LBJ ranch to oppose a peace creep rally. The Nazis, led by Al Grey, attacked the peace creeps as "cowards and traitors who are stabbing our fighting men in the back". Grey also stated that the U.S. Nazis do not support LBJ "because he is not fighting to win in Vietnam".

The draft card burners and peace creeps were led, incidentally, by a Jew lawyer named Ben Levy of Houston.

Nazi at Bucknell

Bill Kirstein, who has been transferred from California to National Headquarters, had the opportunity to represent the Party recently at a colloquy held at Bucknell University. The University asked for a member from the ranks to be sent to speak with students and answer questions.

Also represented at the colloquy was the NAACP, KKK, SDS (Students for Democratic Society) and the ACLU.

In The Big House

San Quentin was the scene of a recent riot between black and white inmates. Even our prisons are not free of the pre-conditions of the coming race war where the "color of your skin will be your uniform" when the battle begins between black and white.

Chicago Action

Capt. Vidnjevich and four other National Socialists were arrested in Chicago while distributing "White Power" material at a high school on Chicago's southwest side. They were accused of "distributing politically inflammatory literature". After being held for eight hours, they were finally charged with "disorderly conduct" for lack of any real case against them. Those arrested were Chris Vidnjevich, Mike Stewart, Ed-

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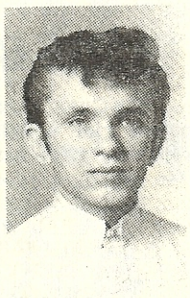
ward Zabrowski, William Chelmowski and Erika Himmler.

ANP members had been active in the neighborhood the previous week-end urging students, parents and other area residents to demonstrate against anti-White discrimination at the school. White students had demonstrated earlier following news of a sexual assault on a White girl by three Negro boys in one of the washrooms. The White youths were arrested and suspended, but not the Negroes. The Nazis were cheered by local people standing on adjacent street corners.

Capt. Vidnjevich



Ed Zabrowski

Erika Himmler

Mike Stewart

Commander Speaks

The Commander spoke to a record number of college students in the Pacific Northwest and Midwest during the last two months. His appearances have included the following schools: Washington State U., Central Wash. State College, U. of Oregon, Oregon State U., Lawrence U., U. of Minnesota, Drake U., Eau Claire State U., and Western Michigan U. Attendance was over 25,000.

Commander Rockwell has been drawing increasingly favorable response from his audiences, particularly from male students with his remarks concerning victory in Viet-

Continued on next page

BRIEF NEWS NOTES...

Capt. Forbes is out on bail pending trial for charges of organizing a White People's rally with Rev. Bill Fowler who heads a White Christian church in Los Angeles.

Capt. Forbes and Rev. Fowler have been the victims of an oppressive campaign of intimidation at the hands of Sheriff Bland and the Los Angeles County power structure.

The local headquarters of the new Spotsylvania, Va. unit will be located in the back of the printing plant at the Party Camp.

Lt. Drager will perform the functions of a unit leader for the area along with his regular duties in the printing section at the camp.

A new meeting hall has been constructed at the camp for unit meetings thanks to the hard work of Lt. Frank A. Drager, Jr., and Lt. Robert F. Bruce.

The first meeting of the Spotsylvania unit was highly successful and attracted an overflow crowd of local people.

Lt. Drager announced his candidacy for the office of sheriff of Spotsylvania County.

During the meeting, the hall was dedicated and named the "Michael A. Pullis Meeting Hall" in memory of our fallen comrade who died of a gun wound at the camp.

Men in the News

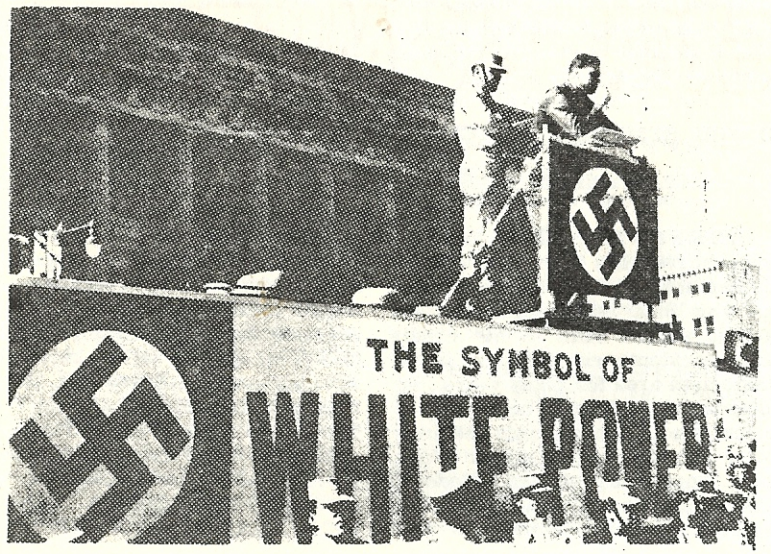
Vehement American Nazi Party leader George Lincoln Rockwell told a crowd of about 1200 Drake University students in Des Moines, Ia., yesterday that Communists are "using Negroes to destroy this great country." He said communism is taking over the U. S. "under our very noses." (UPI Telephoto)

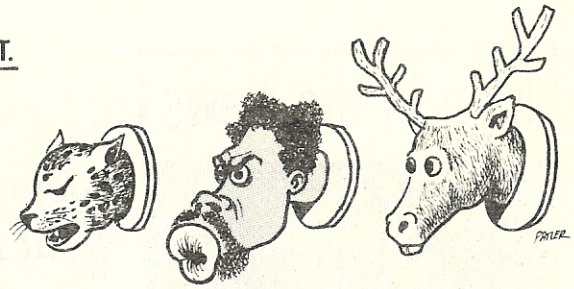
Jew Drops Dead at Nazi Rally

U.S. Nazi activity in San Francisco and on the Berkeley campus has been stepped up under the leadership of Allen Vincent. Recently, a rally was held in front of San Francisco's Civic Center. 26 uniformed Stormtroopers stood guard around the camper, as Commander Rockwell addressed a hostile crowd of thousands made up mostly of beatniks, Jews and niggers shouting "Black Power!"

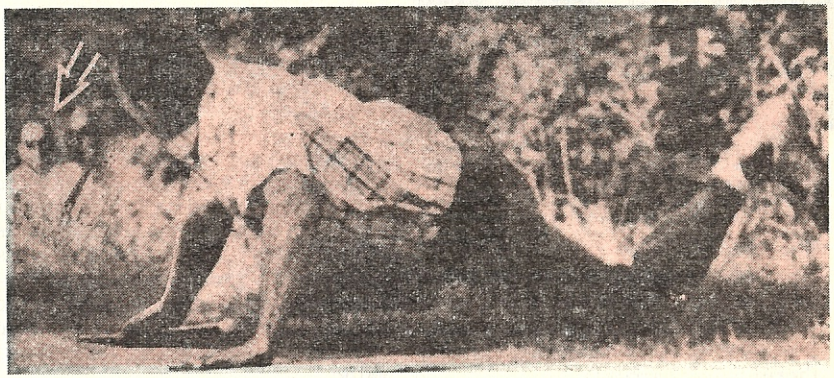
Police had warned that a riot would erupt if Nazis appeared to speak. Nevertheless, Commander Rockwell appeared and spoke as promised. Jews and niggers screamed and nearly started a full-scale riot. The only casualty turned out to be an old Jew agitator who died of a heart attack during the Nazi rally.

nam. Prior to his speech at Lawrence U., the Wisconsin Klan announced that it was joining the ADL and JWV in opposing his appearance there!





GREAT WHITE HUNTER MAKES



GREAT BIG MISTAKE!?

DO YOU REMEMBER JAMES MEREDITH AND HIS PRIVATE MARCH?

Written by Bill Sickles Illustrated by John Patler

HERNANDO, MISS.: Aubrey James Norvell has been known as a fearless and respected hunter sportsman with many successful varmint and wild animal kills to his credit and no accidents nor violations in the Mississippi area for many years but yesterday he seemed to be making up for lost time. Aubrey made the mistake of shooting a black nigger which we all know is as protected by federal legislation as the rare and beautiful whooping crane despite the fact that niggers are in abundance and considered as "extremely dangerous", and in the varmint class as well. Nigger hunting was outlawed and the practice was unfortunately curbed somewhat by civil rights laws which were passed in 1964-65 and 1966 by President Jugears and niggers of the Ebony and Albino types throughout America. Prior to these laws nigger hunting season was usually open from sunup year round with the exception of "Be Kind to Animals Week".

Aubrey had started out in the early afternoon hoping to kill some rattlesnakes, skunks, rats and four-legged coons and possibly some other type varmints or dangerous critters if per chance he saw any when he neared Highway 51 and spotted the niggers approaching. Being as a nigger fits the description of all the animals above described and then some, Aubrey decided to kill one of them. Had Aubrey killed an albino nigger, chances are that he would not be in all the trouble he is now in but to Aubrey's sorrow he had his heart set on getting a black pelt. Not wanting to take the chance of possibly wounding the animal and then having to pursue it through watermelon patches, Aubrey in his anxiety fired three shots in rapid succession. The first shot made a "dull thud" as it glanced from the head of the Meredith-type nigger and the second shot caught it in the front paw and side and as luck would have it the third shot missed completely. The wounded nigger appeared to be only grazed or mildly wounded as it screeched and slinked across the highway on all fours. Thinking only of the cruddy black pelt that got away Aubrey turned in low spirited retreat in the hopes of killing other pests prior to nightfall.

Along about this time who should arrive but a sheriff, who for some strange reason was summoned by some of the newspaper people who should have known that niggers come under the supervision and management of the Fish and Game Commission, Wildlife Federation or National Forestry Service. The Sheriff gave first aid to the nigger by dragging it off to the side of the road despite the rancid odor it gave off and they covered it with blankets while the Sheriff and some deputies arrested Mr. Norvell and notified the Hernando S.P.C.A. unit to come and assist the poor animal.

Smile, You're On Candid Camera

MEREDITH ON GROUND BITTERLY COMPLAINING ABOUT BIRDSHOT

Mr. Norvell has been charged with shooting at rare and protected species and with endangering the life, limb and property of possible motorists. Federal charges will probably be filed at a later date.

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PDQ Martyr Corporation
Memphis, Tennessee

Gentlemen: I is an important nigger in de civil riots movement an needs to be a national Hero like our boy James. Please arrange to have me shot with:

☐ Bird Shot ☐ Rice Krispies
☐ Puffed Wheat ☐ Wet Noodles

Place: _____
Time: _____
Name: _____
Address: _____

INTERNATIONAL NAZI PROGRESS

Pfeiffer Set Free! Chilean Nazis Enter Elections

MEETING AT CANDIDATE VALDES' HOUSE. From left to right: Women's Division Secretary, Mariana Veliz and daughter, ST Fernandez, GL Silva, Lt. Vergara, GL Bahamondes, Franz Pfeiffer and Candidate Valdes.

Franz Pfeiffer, 30, leader of the Partido Nacional-Socialista Obrero (National Socialist Workers' Party), was released from prison with a pardon from Pres. Eduardo Frei. He had served nearly half of a three-year sentence at Buin since his arrest on 22 April 1965, for an alleged attack on a synagogue back in 1958.

Pfeiffer appeared at a news conference recently to announce future Party aims.

Speaking to newsmen from the Party headquarters in Santiago, Pfeiffer answered questions and made the following statement: "As long as we are permitted to operate legally, the Party will no longer aspire to reach power through the use of force. The Party will operate in the future exclusively in a legal manner. We respect the established order, but we do not like it." Pfeiffer further stated: "We see the future with confidence. In 1957 we acted illegally because of desperation, but now we are fully optimistic."

Speaking about his term in jail, from which he received a Presidential pardon, Pfeiffer remarked: "I have no complaint about my jail sentence. When you act illegally, you must be prepared to pay the penalty." (Pfeiffer was sentenced to three years in jail for a fire-bomb attempt on an Israeli headquarters in Chile in 1957. He served 18 months of the sentence.)

The press was also informed that the National Socialist Worker's Party will present several candidates for public office in the upcoming nationwide municipal elections this April.

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The N.P.D.

Recent minor election victories by the NPD (National Democratic Party) in West Germany has caused an almost unprecedented uproar in the leftwing press of the world.

The NPD has been labeled "neo-Nazi" and its leaders and followers have been accused of past membership in Hitler's "National Socialist German Worker's Party".

If the NPD had been pro-Communist instead of anti-Communist, there probably would not be one word of protest. The Jews and their lackeys are always mysteriously silent about Communist activities and progress, yet highly vocal and oppressive at the slightest sign of anti-communist Nazi progress.

The victories of the NPD are a sure sign that a form of National Socialism, although a very weak and watered down version, is alive in Germany once again. But, it is not time yet for National Socialists to rejoice. The reason is clear: National Socialism, the type that would wipe out Communism, is strictly outlawed in Germany today.

A further hinderance to the establishment and resurgence of a true National Socialist Party is the fact that the United States has never signed a peace treaty with Germany. Technically, the U.S.A. is still "at war" with the German nation. Added to this is the fact that Germany is still a divided and occupied country.

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T-2 Commander shocks and wins students at Univ. of North Dakota.

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T-4 Commander wows students at N.Y.U.

T-5 "Fireside Chat" by Commander in private home to group of 36 ex-"Birchers".

T-6 Commander's latest college speech at his own Alma Mater, Brown University. A really great speech!

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Portuguese "Mein Kampf"

SAO PAULO, Brazil--A Portuguese translation of Mein Kampf has been appearing in a number of bookstores in this Brazilian metropolis despite a three-year-old government ban on its sale and distribution.

The translation was issued three years ago by Mestre Jou, a Sao Paulo publisher. Both the Justice and Interior Ministries promptly ordered the book banned as "slanderous and subversive" and "an incitement against peoples, races and religions". The West German government has brought suit against the publisher, charging infringement of its rights to the book.

Copies of Mein Kampf, in English, are now available from: ANP, Dallas, Box 22071, Dallas, Texas 75222. Cost: $2.85 each.

WANTED!

YOU are urged to send all types of trading stamps to the Dallas Unit. Stamps will be redeemed for equipment needed by the Party.

Send Stamps to:

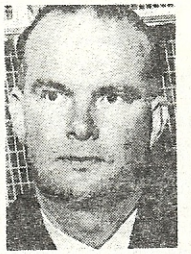
DALLAS UNIT ANP
P.O. Box 3980
Dallas 8, Texas

Irish Nazis

The National Socialist Federation was formed recently, incorporating the former National Social Union of Ireland and the Irish National Socialist Movement. Mr. A.L. Price is leader of the Federation, and Mr. M. Plunkett is his deputy.

Nationalist News, former organ of the National Social Union, has ceased publication. It will be shortly replaced by a new publication, National Socialist News, serving as organ of the new Federation.

WANTED



Free Speech for Colin Jordan *POLITICAL PRISONER*

IN ENGLAND

On the following page, we reproduce the latest news clippings from England.

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Hatenanny No.2

SIDE ONE: We don't want no niggers for neighbors.

SIDE TWO: Who needs niggers?

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Mr. Colin Jordan, leader of the National Socialist movement, [illegible]

COLIN JORDAN TRIES TO ARREST MR WILSON

Colin Jordan yesterday.

COLIN JORDAN, leader of Britain's Nazi-style National Socialist Movement, went along to No. 10 Downing-street yesterday to try to arrest Premier Harold Wilson.

He told a policeman at the door: " I wish to effect a citizen's arrest of the Prime Minister."

The policeman went into No. 10 and returned to tell Jordan: "I'm afraid he's not available."

Jordan, who is accusing [illegible]

Jordan is

jailed in race plot

Colin Jordan, Bri National Socialist r ment leader, was jaile 18 months at Devon A Exeter, today for offences.

Jordan was jointly c with 19-year-old Peter J of Warfelton Crescent, S Cornwall, with conspir contravene the Race R Act by distributing i likel ir up of th colour with similar of Lon llard a sulting form o "The

put on s. an man

Mr. Justice Phillip the jury that Jorda National Socialist and swastika.

He added: "It is m tant that you try th the evidence before

Coventry Evening Telegraph — January 25th/67.

Colin Jordan sent to prison for 18 months

NATIONAL Socialist leader, Colin Jordan, was today sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment at Devon Assizes, Exeter, after being found guilty of offences under the Race Relations Act.

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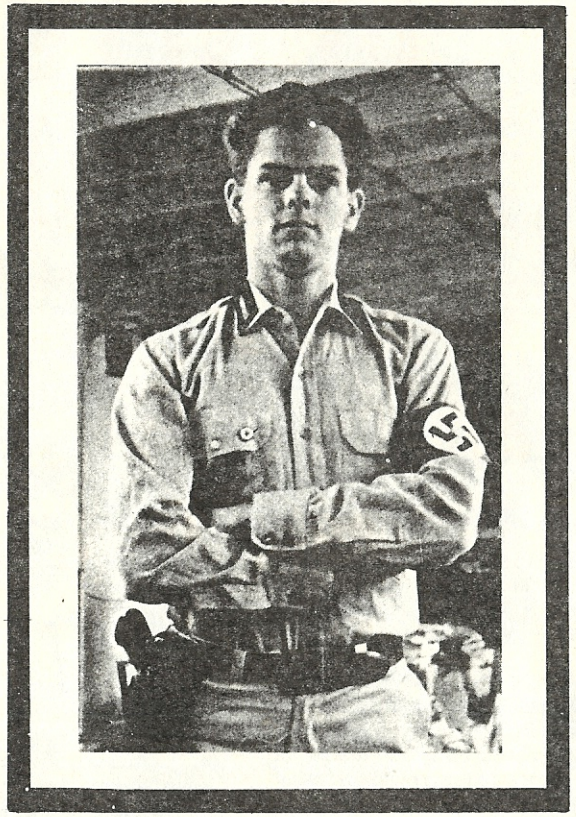
Michael A. Pullis

May 13, 1945 - December 3, 1966



Just before Christmas 1966, racial brother Michael A. Pullis died of a gun wound at the Spotsylvania camp in Virginia. He served as a lithographic cameraman at the camp where the Party maintains a complete printing facility.

Pullis was found face down in a hallway. A .22 bullet had entered his body below the rib cage causing internal bleeding and death.

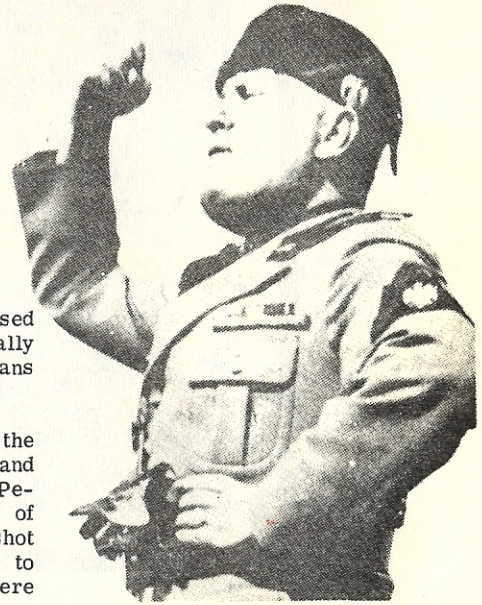
Michael Pullis was a well-liked Party soldier; a true revolutionary fighter for the White People's Cause. He lived and died true to the idea of White unity.

Michael Pullis was only 21 years old when he died. His life ended before it even began. But before he died, he grasped the mighty spiritual hand of the greatest White Man that ever lived--Adolf Hitler.

We, his living comrades, bid him farewell. May he rest in eternal peace--knowing he will not be forgotten as we march on into battle for justice and victory against the Jew bandits and black devils.

THE UNTOLD STORY OF

BENITO MUSSOLINI



More than 25 years have passed since Benito Mussolini was brutally murdered by Communist partisans near Lake Como in Italy.

In the spring of 1945, toward the end of World War II, Mussolini and his attractive secretary, Clara Petacci, were captured by members of the Communist underground and shot to death. The bodies were taken to the city of Milan where they were hung by the heels in a public square. This cruel and barbaric event was captured on film. A photograph of the hanging bodies of Mussolini and Clara Petacci was published all over the world. Recently, never before published photographs of the mutilated bodies of Mussolini and Clara Petacci came into our possession. These photographs clearly illustrate the shocking atrocities committed on the bodies after they were removed from public view.

Not content with murdering Mussolini in cold blood, the Red partisans beat and pounded on the dead bodies with clubs and rifle butts (see photo). Mussolini's head was beaten and crushed almost beyond recognition. This beastial example of Communist blood lust was never reported to the world. It is cause to wonder how many more similar acts of criminality committed by Communist bandits still remain hidden.

• • •

Today, Benito Mussolini is buried in Predappio, not far from his birthplace. His murderers, still

Continued on page 21

The mutilated Bodies of MUSSOLINI and CLARA PETACCI

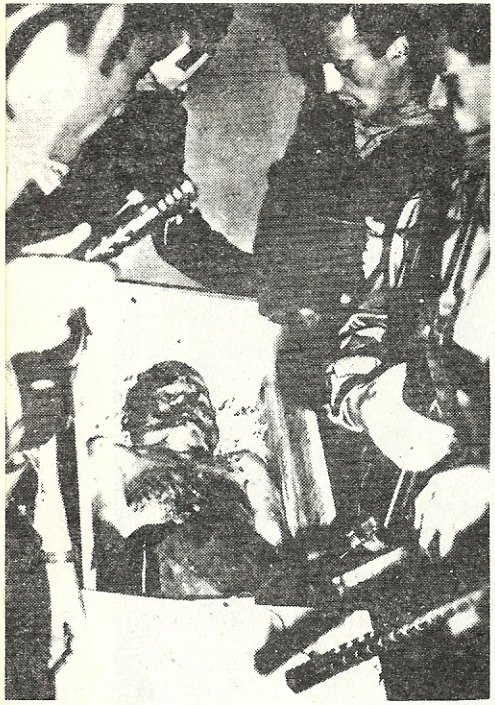


Photo donated by H. H. Booker II

free, and other enemies of the truth, have practically succeeded in also burying the truth about Mussolini's great accomplishments and phenomenal rise to power.

For the benefit of those still unenlightened, the following brief biographical sketch of the life of Benito Mussolini is presented.

• • •

Benito Mussolini was born on July 29, 1883 in the old hamlet of Varano di Costa. He was the son of a country blacksmith. Mussolini was a brilliant student and upon completion of his studies, he took up the profession of school teacher.

During World War I, Mussolini was wounded by an exploding grenade in the front line trenches. Forty-four pieces of grenade were removed from his body. Before he became a soldier, Mussolini had founded a nationalistic newspaper which he called "Il Popolo d'Italia" ("The People of Italy").

After the war Mussolini organized a patriotic mass movement known as the "Fascisti". This patriotic movement enabled him to come to power in Italy after the famous march on Rome, October 29, 1922.

Although the enemies of Fascism have succeeded in obscuring the fact, one of Mussolini's most outstanding and significant accomplishments concerns his successful relations with the Roman Catholic Church.

In July of 1929, Mussolini settled 60 years of dispute between church and state by signing the Concordat and the Lateran Treaty. The Lateran Treaty gave the Pope full property and exclusive dominion and sovereign jurisdiction over Vatican City.

The Concordat dealt with relations between the Vatican and Italy. Italian courts accepted marriage by the church as legal. Italian schools began compulsory religious education and Roman Catholicism became the state religion of Italy. Religious communities and ecclesiastics throughout Italy were granted the right to own property. In addition, the treaty also provided that the church receive payment from the Italian government in compensation for the loss of the papal states. (From 755 A.D. to 1871, the Roman Catholic Church had direct control of several provinces in central Italy, including the city of Rome.

This land was called the "Papal States". The Papal States were given to the church by Pepin the Short of France and his son Charlemagne. During the struggle for Italian unification, the Papal States were confiscated by the King of Italy, Victor Emanuel. In 1860 Emanuel seized Rome by force keeping the Pope and his successors virtual prisoners in the Vatican for nearly 60 years until Mussolini signed the Lateran Treaty in 1929.)

To compensate for the loss of the Papal States, the church was awarded nearly $37 million cash. Along with this amount, the church further received $50 million in state bonds at 5% interest.

On July 25, 1929, after the signing of the Lateran Treaty, a Pope emerged from the Vatican for the first time since 1871. More than 250,000 people crowded around Pope Pius XI as he entered St. Peter's Square. His appearance signaled the return of temporal power of the papacy and the end of a long controversy between Italy and the Roman Catholic Church. Millions cheered and thanked "Il Duce", the leader, Benito Mussolini. He will not be forgotten--for it was he alone who gave the church a rebirth. Religious freedom in Italy had become a reality under Fascism.

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Know Your Party Officers

THIS MONTH:

JOHN PATLER

I begin this story by mentioning my father. His name was Christos Patsalos. He was born in Southern Europe, in Greece.

In the beginning of the century, my father's father, who was a soldier in the Greek Army, was killed in battle. Shortly afterwards, my father, along with his widowed mother, Anathasia, left his native peasant village in Sparta, Greece, to migrate to America.

My father began his new life in America as a laborer on the railroad. Soon, he became an American citizen and joined the Republican Party.

Through hard work, my dad saved enough to open a little restaurant at the famous polo grounds.

In 1936, my father met and married a very beautiful girl who was the daughter of other Greek immigrants. Her name was Athena.

I was the first of two sons born of this marriage. My birthdate was January 6, 1938. My younger brother, George, was born the following year in November.

When I was five years old, my mother decided to leave my father, the exact reasons for which I have never learned. My mother took me and my brother to stay with our grandmother who lived in Harlem.

I remember that day very clearly because it was the last time I saw my mother alive.

On October 7, 1943, my father shot and killed my mother when she returned to pack her bags. It was a crime of passion; one of those freak episodes in life when a man permits his emotions to blind his rational thought. My father was subsequently convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a term in Sing-Sing penitentiary.

The death of my mother was one of those tragedies that alter the cou se of many lives. My father, who came to America to begin a new life, ended up in prison. My mother, at age 27, was dead--her life ended before it even began; and my brother and I found ourselves robbed of our parents, living and growing up in the jungle-slums of upper Manhattan.

We lived with our grandmother in a tenement on 119th Street and Lexington Avenue. The neighborhood was bad, with street gangs roaming the area.

My grandmother was a hard-working, quick tempered, strong-willed woman. She served an important part in my life. I learned a lot from her. She was an immigrant and had migrated to America with her husband. Together, they raised a family of two sons and two daughters. Their oldest daughter was my mother.

When my grandmother's husband died of a heart attack, she had to provide for the entire family. She managed to rent a little space for a stand in a huge market place on Park Avenue to sell flowers. The market place, known as "Paddy's Market" stretched for more than six square city blocks near Harlem.

Jewish merchants predominated in the market place. Everywhere you turned, you would find a Jew selling something.

Here in the busy market place, my education and enlightenment of the Jews took place.

My grandmother was an extremely religious woman. She was one of the very few Christians who occupied a stand in the entire market. I remember like it was only yesterday how my grandmother would argue and fight with Jews over religion and politics. The Jews would gang up on her and ridicule her religious beliefs at every opportunity. I would sit for hours, watching and listening to my grandmother argue with the Jews. Sometimes, the arguments got so hot, my grandma had to use her broom on Jew heads. She was a fighter.

When I wasn't going to school, I stayed with my grandmother at her flower stand helping her. We made over half the flowers by hand.

My grandma was tireless. She lived and worked and sweated for the family, which now included two more mouths to feed--me and my brother. Although we were poor, we had enough to eat and we were proud and unafraid of hard work. One time I swal-

My brother and me on a rooftop in Harlem about 1944

NOTE: This is the story of John Patler. In writing his autobiographical sketch, I have asked Captain Patler to depart from the standard format of "Know Your Officers" column and write at length in the first person.

I believe his story will be of great interest to all our readers and those of you who have met John Patler and have kept up with the dedicated work he has been doing for our people and our cause these many years.

I would like you to keep in mind that this is an unfinished story. The end has yet to be written, and what has been written thus far will tell you something about the background of one of our very best fighters.

The Commander

lowed a nickel and my grandma wouldn't let me flush the toilet until she had checked to see if the nickel had made its exit. She didn't give up until she got that nickel.

Every Friday, my grandma sent me and my brother down into the crowded subways to sell flowers to the people coming home from work. People would take one look at us and buy some flowers out of sympathy if for no other reason. Down in that subway, I received some of my first lessons on race. My brother and I were jumped by a bunch of wild niggers who demanded our money. Even though we were outnumbered, we fought back. We were operating in a pretty tough neighborhood, but we were never bothered by white kids--only Negroes and Puerto Ricans. When the niggers attacked us, we were called "white trash". When the Puerto Ricans attacked, we were called "Gringos". I learned early that the only way you stop terrorism and force is with superior terrorism and superior force.

The one thing that I remember the most of life on the streets of Harlem was the fighting. Hardly a day passed that I was not involved in some kind of fight with the niggers and the Puerto Ricans. And most of the fighting was done in self defense.

Once I got into a fight with a tough Puerto Rican kid that lived around the corner from us. His name was Johnny Rio. As we were slugging it out, a crowd of kids gathered to watch. Most of the kids watching were Puerto Rican and they were all cheering for Johnny Rio. From the corner of my eye, I got a peek of my grandma racing down the street towards us. I figured she was going to break up the fight, but instead she pushed her way to the front of the crowd and began cheering for me! My grandma was no ordinary grandmother. I won the fight.

The schools I attended were P.S. 57 and P.S. 83, which was known also as "Galvani Jr. H.S.". P.S. 83 was located on 109th Street on the borderline between the White (mostly Italian) neighborhood and a Puerto Rican area. Most of the students were either Negro or Puerto Rican. The remainder were White kids of different nationalities like Italian, Greek, Irish and German.

In the public schools, we were pumped full of "progressive education" garbage. Over and over we were told that White and Negro were "equal" and that we were all supposed to be "brothers" and of how awful and wrong it was to be "prejudiced". At first, I swallowed it all. We were even made to participate in interracial dances and plays and taught to sing race-mixing songs.

In the classroom, we were fed the "brotherhood" and "equality" business and they made it sound good and appear workable. In the streets there arose a direct contradiction to this classroom propaganda.

Down in the streets, I came face to face with brutal reality where the color of your skin was your uniform. The niggers and Puerto Ricans terrorized, bullied and attacked White kids. Each side recognized its enemy by race. Outside of the classroom a state of "war" existed between the races. In the street, "Brotherhood" and "tolerance" vanished.

At Galvani Junior High School (P.S. 83) I became the Editor-in-Chief of the school magazine and also the Art Editor. I even created two popular comic strips for the school magazine. One was called "The Adventures of JET JORDAN", an interplanetary policeman who battled against an arch-villain called "REDRUM" ("murder" spelled backwards). The other comic strip was called "Galvani Gus", a little cartoon character who was always getting into trouble.

Also at P.S. 83, I acted in a number of school plays and had a little ventriloquist act of my own.

While I was attending P.S. 83, my father was released from Sing-Sing penitentiary and he began a long court battle to get us back.

In the early fifties my grandmother died and my brother and I went to live with our dad in the Bronx.

1959 as a U.S. Marine with my brother

My brother and I were two tough kids, hardened by the struggle of growing up on the streets of Harlem. The move to a quiet, lower middle class neighborhood where my father lived was a difficult adjustment to make. We naturally gravitated toward the tougher elements in the new neighborhood and in the local high school where I was enrolled.

An added burden to adjustment in our new environment was the fact that our grandma had naturally hated our dad and she had "brainwashed" us to believe that he was an evil man for having killed our mom. In the beginning, this caused a lot of difficulties in our relationship.

Although I do not subscribe entirely to the almost impervious environmentalist doctrine that places strict emphasis on environment while practically ignoring heredity and race as contributing factors in determining what you turn out to be, I nevertheless recognize from my own experience that environment DOES play a significant, but not exclusive role in your upbringing.

Race and heredity are equal to, if not MORE important than, "environment". For instance, you can not become an artist by being born in an art studio; nursed and raised by a painter; or by sitting in art schools. If you are not born with the talent in the first place, no amount of art schooling or artistic environment will ever turn you into an artist.

The same applies to college. You can sit in college for the rest of your life and it will not make you "intelligent" if you were not born with the intelligence in the first place for college to do you any good.

Our difficulties with our dad led us to Domestic Relations Court. Until the court could decide, we were confined in New York City's gloomy Youth House on 12th Street, the same place Lee Harvey Oswald did a stretch when he was a teenager.

In the Youth House I got into lots of fights with niggers by refusing to be pushed around and bullied. I still carry a scar on my left eyebrow from a fight with a nigger I beat up who tried to get me to go in for some perverted sex acts.

My brother and I were kept in the Youth House for a little more than two weeks and then the court released us and sent us back home.

As a result of hanging out with the wrong kind of crowd, I was picked up in 1954 as an occupant of a stolen car after a wild chase by the police. The chase ended when we crashed into a tree in a wooded area. Both the driver and I fled from the wrecked car into the woods to escape. The police shouted for us to halt and when we didn't, they fired bullets at us. I got away by crawling and doubling back around to where the chase began and where a crowd was now gathering to watch the cops search.

Abe (Al) Mirenda, the kid who stole the car, climbed up a tree and was apprehended. He cracked under questioning and identified me as the other occupant. The cops came and got me at 3 a.m., and I spent my first night in a City Prison. This experience taught me a valuable lesson. From that day on, I decided to stay clear of anything illegal.

Al Mirenda was packed off to reform school and I was fortunately judged a "youthful offender" and

placed on probation. Every Tuesday, for the next couple of years, I was required to report to a probation officer at Bronx County Court House.

About this time, I began to take a keen political interest in the Jews. I began to notice that Jew commies and spies were being apprehended and convicted by the government. A year before I ran into trouble with the law, the Rosenbergs were executed as traitors. I began to study up on the Jews and their connection with Communism. I discovered that from its inception, Communism was conceived, dominated and led mostly by JEWS beginning with Jew Karl Marx, straight through to the Jew traitor Rosenbergs on up to the Jew Herbert Apatheker who today is the spokesman and head theoretician of the Communist Party in the United States.

The high school I was attending was named Christopher Columbus H.S. Most of the teachers were Jewish and the overwhelming majority of students were Jewish.

In my social studies class, we were told that Hitler and the Nazis were "terrible monsters" and "brutal killers" of "six million innocent Jews". No one ever mentioned the Americans who died, or the millions upon millions of people that were exterminated by the commies. Hitler's book "Mein Kampf" came under special attack by the Jew teachers. They never stopped ranting about its "insane" contents.

One of the reasons I couldn't accept the arguments presented in class against Hitler was because the very people, mostly Jews, who were telling me to hate Hitler were in fact his very worst enemies. Believing anything the Jews had to say about Hitler would be like believing what the Devil had to say about God.

One day I went to the school library and searched for a copy of "Mein Kampf". I wanted to read it for myself. It was a big book kept under lock and key in a book case. I got the librarian to open the case and let me look at the book. I read it and I was reborn! I was sixteen years old.

My interest in politics increased and I developed an insatiable curiosity of National Socialism and Adolf Hitler. I read everything I could find about the Nazis. At this time, like many other men I would soon meet, I felt all alone in my admiration of Hitler.

Although Hitler's movement was rigidly nationalistic and distinctly "German", I recognized that Adolf Hitler was the ONLY White man to take the FIRST step in the right direction and for this every White Man will forever be indebted to Adolf Hitler and the German people.

I realized even then back in the fifties, that if the White Race of People were to survive, we would have to disregard the superficiality of "nationalities" and the fatalistic promotion of one single group of Whites above other White People and instead UNITE as brothers and sisters of one great worldwide family of White People.

Late in 1955, I was boxing for the Dept. of Parks with my old friend, Nick, who was a fellow artist. Nick was a Greek kid like me and we shared many common interests. During our breaks, we discussed the Jews and their involvement in Communism and we both agreed something should be done. Nick mentioned that he knew some friends who were involved in a movement to do something about the Jew and nigger problem. He took me to meet his friends. They were the Dommer brothers, Paul and Luke. Paul Dommer was a young idealist like me. His older brother Luke was a Marine veteran of World War II.

I became good friends with the Dommers, and they loaded me down with literature presenting the views of their organization called the "Nationalist Party". They also gave me a copy of "Common Sense" put out by Conde Mc Ginley. I took all of the literature home and I read

every word of it. That night I decided to dedicate my life to the White People's struggle.

Soon the Dommers took me to their leader, West Hooker. Hooker was from a very wealthy family and he lived in a beautiful home in a very exclusive area in Larchmont, N.Y. Hooker gave me my first political training and taught me everything he knew about the Jews. I idolized him and looked to him for leadership.

With Hooker's help, the Dommers, Nick and I and another kid named Charlie Beveridge formed a youth section of the Nationalist Party. We called it the "Nationalist Youth League". We were a rowdy bunch that went around picketing, fighting and busting up Communist meetings. This was during the so-called era of "McCarthyism".

Toward the end of 1956, at the age of 17, I produced my first anti-Jewish leaflet. It was a leaflet urging a boycott of Jew businessmen who were attempting to take over the Board of Trade of City Island (a tiny island connected by bridge to the Bronx). I was arrested for "criminal libel". The Grand Jury failed to indict me and I was set free since no crime was committed. Free speech prevailed.

But now, although I wasn't convicted, the arrest was considered a violation of my probation and when my probation officer found out it was anti-Jewish literature I had distributed, he had me sent to Morrisania Hospital in the Bronx to undergo "psychological testing". I now began to pay the price for my political beliefs.

At Morrisania, I met a Mrs. McNamara, a city psychoanalyst. She was to administer the "tests". I was given a whole variety of tests with blocks, puzzles and diagrams--the whole works,-and when we got to the Rorschach test (ink blots), "strange things" began to happen.

Mrs. McNamara would begin asking me if I saw any "blood" in the pictures ... or did I see any "bodies"

Continued on next page

How Crazy Can You Get?

In Canada there lives a millionaire who is known to do things slightly obtuse to the nine-to-five people of the world. Here Mel Lastman wears a wool mini-skirt as he walks downtown Toronto streets with his companion, Clara Sarkozi, who wears a white pants suit.

WHAT'S THIS?

היטלער האט נעהאט רעכט

IT MEANS: HITLER WAS RIGHT.. IN YIDDISH!

or "instruments of death" or "sex organs?" When I replied honestly that all I saw were "butterflies" or "animals" or "girls", etc., Mrs. McNamara would INSIST otherwise and attempt to persuade me that certain symbols in the ink blots looked like blood or sex genitals, until I had to agree with her interpretation that a "red splotch" did look like blood, although that's not what I had seen, and what first looked like a castle tower to me, she insisted I see it as a male sex organ. Mrs. McNamara kept it up with her suggestions and interpretations of the ink blots. I was too young and naive at the time to realize what she was doing. Mrs. McNamara was taking the test for me!! It was a foul, unethical and disgusting thing. If you don't love Jews and niggers, you're supposed to be "nuts". I could only surmise that Mrs. McNamara was one of those blind liberals with a predetermined notion that no "sane" person could be anti-Jewish. She was convinced that anyone who showed manifestations of anti-Jewishness had to be mentally ill and that the tests should prove this.

On the next visit, I found myself in the presence of a Dr. Pierre Rube. He wasted no time in telling me I was quite mad for believing in this "Nazi business" and not loving the Jews and Negroes. I got into a fierce argument with this Jew doctor and he had me thrown out of his office. A whole book could be written on just this one encounter with liberal psychiatrists. Dr. Rube's report was sent to my probation officer.

The following week, when I reported to Mr. Peccaro, my probation officer, he informed me that I had to go to court for a "review" of my case and persuaded me that it would not be necessary to have my father or my lawyer with me.

When I arrived for the court date, I was immediately seized and handcuffed by detectives and taken before a Judge Schwartz. I was being railroaded. I spoke up when I appeared before the judge and protested the fact that I had been tricked into court without my father and my attorney. The judge thereupon "appointed" an attorney, who was in the courtroom, to "represent" me--a "Mr. Siegel". I could hardly believe what was happening to me; I was surrounded by Jews!

The judge then began to say that he had reviewed my case and that in the light of recent events (my anti-Jewish activity, etc.), he had found it necessary to commit me to Bellevue Hospital for a period of 30 days for psychiatric observation! Before I could utter a word of protest, the Jew attorney, Mr. Siegel, told the judge that "he" approved of the decision. A few seconds later, I was in the lock-up. That evening, I arrived at Bellevue's psychiatric ward, a political prisoner at 18.

As long as I live, I will never forget Bellevue. I was worried and scared and I didn't know what to expect or what was going to happen to me. In my ward there were more than fifty people--about half were Negro and Puerto Rican. Each new inmate was made to strip off all his clothes when first admitted. You were then given only a cotton robe and shower shoes to wear.

In the ward there were several well known "personalities". One of them was the so-called "Mad Bomber" who terrorized the city in the fifties by planting bombs in movie theatres and phone booths. The other important inmate was Robert Soblen, the Jew traitor captured by the FBI for spying. Soblen was isolated in a cell by himself and watched very closely--even when he went to the toilet.

Everything about the ward was depressing. It was badly lighted and poorly supervised. They had a regular shift of guards who sat in an old creaky chair by the big iron door that stood between the inmates and freedom. The ward was just like being in jail except it was "dormitory" style. There were bars on all the windows and a tight netted wired screen over the bars. The one thing I will never forget is the smell. It was a damp, chilly, "iron" smell that

permeated the entire ward and "stuck" to everything. Most of the time was spent reading or watching TV waiting to be tested. Everyone lived in fear of the test. The test determined whether you would go free or be committed to a mental institution.

Toward the end of my 30 days, I was given a series of tests similar to the type given to me by Mrs. McNamara--with slight variation, and then I was transferred to city prison for another two weeks of confinement.

Finally, I was taken to court and placed back on probation. Paul Dommer, West Hooker and my dad were at court that day. Paul managed to get me a real good lawyer. The lawyer sent me to a psychiatrist of our own choice for examination.

Mr. Cusack was a good Irish-Catholic psychiatrist and he liked me. He submitted a report to the court clearing me of any mental disorders. Dr. Cusack's report contradicted the report by Dr. Rube, the Jew psychiatrist that got me sent off to Bellevue. The nightmare was over!

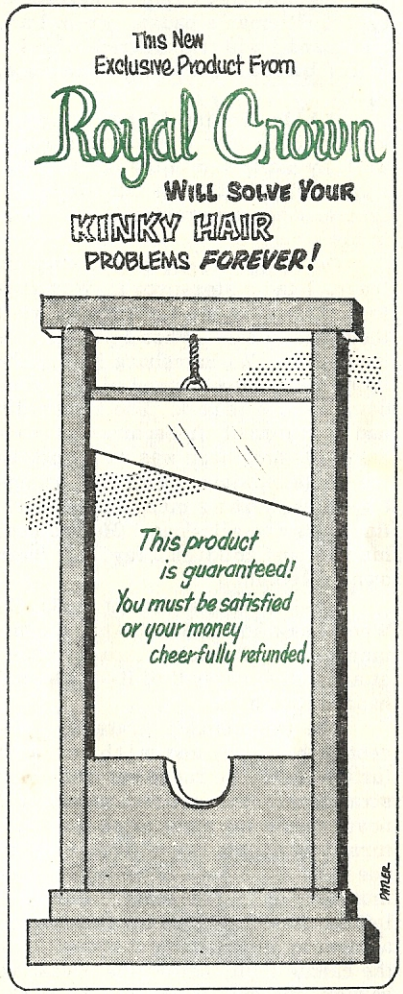
Now I was back on the streets devoting every spare minute to NYL activities. On one occasion, we traveled all the way to Washington, D. C. to picket with Floyd Fleming for the release of John Kasper.

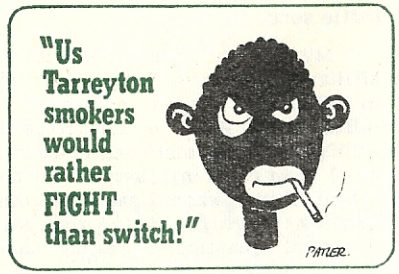
In school I ran into great difficulty. I never missed an opportunity to rise to defend Hitler or Mussolini. This activity resulted in many scuffles and ejections from class. I earned good grades only in those subjects that interested me.

Late in 1957, all the leaders of the Nationalist Youth League met at West Hooker's house in Larchmont. Hooker was going to pull out of the struggle for a while to earn big money. It was a sort of farewell gathering. At this meeting, Hooker introduced us to a U.S. Navy Commander that was soon to become famous. His name was George Lincoln Rockwell.

Continued on next page

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE





Early in 1958, I left high school to enlist in the U.S. Marine Corps. I was sent to Parris Island, S.C. for training. At boot camp I earned an expert rifleman's badge. From Parris Island I was transferred to an infantry battalion at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

While in the Marine Corps, I kept in touch with Commander Rockwell by mail, and in the fall of 1958, I joined the Party. At this time, the Commander was practically all alone in his struggle.

On my way to New York City on leave, I had a stop-over at Washington. This gave me a chance to visit the Commander. When I got to his house on Williamsburg Blvd., the lights were out and most of the windows were busted. The electricity had been turned off because of unpaid bills and there was no food in the whole building. With the exception of two young men, Commander Rockwell was all alone. (He had sent his wife and children away for their own protection.)

I had saved $ 40 for my furlough. When I saw how bad off the Commander was, I reached into my pocket and pulled out half of it--$ 20--and handed it to him.

The Commander gratefully accepted the money and without any further word, he raced out the door straight for the grocery store. I'll never forget the sight when he returned with a big bag of groceries in one hand and a hunk of bread he was munching on in the other. Before I left for New York, we all gathered in a room in the darkened house. By the candle light, before the Swastika banner, the four of us sang the Party battle song.

My last tour of duty was with the Military Police at Quantico, Virginia in 1960. This placed me only 30 miles from Party headquarters in Arlington. While stationed in Quantico, I married my 19-year-old girl friend, Erika, whom I had been going with for two years. Also, while stationed at Quantico, I had my name legally changed.

This marriage ended in divorce four years later. A second marriage ended in separation. Marriage, I discovered, is a full time proposition, and so is being a soldier fighting in a real war for the survival of our people. Marriage and revolutionary warfare are incompatible except under the rarest and most unusual circumstances. To me, as an idealist, nothing is more important than fighting in the struggle to destroy the enemies of the White Family of People. I found it impossible and futile to settle down to the normal things in life while the commies and niggers are actively working to destroy everything I love and cherish. You cannot succeed at marriage as a part-time husband nor win a war as a part-time soldier. For me, it was one or the other.

All the sacrifices we make today, although deprived of a normal life and happiness, will have been well worth it a thousand times over when we finally win.

Early in the spring of 1960, Commander Rockwell began a strong drive for public recognition for the movement by staging weekly rallies on the Mall in D. C. across from the FBI building.

I attended the very first rally and most of the other rallies on my off-duty hours. I regularly stood on the platform with the Commander as he spoke. During one of the rallies in June of 1960, the military police got wind of my participation and they came and arrested me.

The papers played the story big. President Johnson, then a U.S. Senator, called for an investigation and demanded to know why an American Nazi was permitted to serve in the U.S. Marine Corps. Enormous pressure was exerted by the Jew War Veterans and I once again found myself in the middle of a battle on account of my political beliefs.

There followed three attempts to have me ousted from the Marines.

At Quantico, I was informed by my Commanding Officer that I would have to appear before an undesirable discharge board because I failed to list my 1956 arrest for "criminal libel" when I enlisted.

I refused to acknowledge the board and demanded a "General Court Martial" as suggested by retired General Pedro del Valle who was advising me through Commander Rockwell. The "undesirable discharge" attempt failed.

Next, I was taken to Bethesda Naval Hospital--the same place Sen. Joe McCarthy died, to undergo "psychiatric observation".

At Bethesda I was interviewed by a Captain Jay Wilson, Chief of the Psychiatric Section. Dr. Wilson submitted a report that was extremely favorable in my behalf.

When the attempt to have me diagnosed as some kind of a nut had failed, the Marine Corps, under pressure, resorted to fraud!

On the morning of July 6, 1960 I was called in from my post to appear before my Company Commander, Captain Young. He showed me an HONORABLE discharge with my name typed on it and asked me if this is what I wanted, and if I did, would I sign for it?

I had made it clear that I wanted to stay in the Marine Corps, but that if they wanted me out, I would settle for nothing less than an Honorable Discharge. I signed for the Honorable Discharge--being careful to note that the release papers I signed (DD Form 214) listed my discharge as "Honorable" in the space where "type of discharge" was listed.

I was then hustled through the required medical checkup for release from duty in an unprecedented one hour and ten minutes! (It normally takes TWO days!)

After my "medical checkup", I returned to Captain Young's office for my Honorable Discharge and instead was handed a "General" Discharge, under "Honorable Conditions", which is one step below a full Honorable!

I looked at the DD Form 214 I had signed for an Honorable Discharge and I discovered that the form had been re-inserted in a typewriter and the words "Under" and "Conditions" had been typed in before and after the word "Honorable" in the space allotted for type of discharge, so that it now read: "Under Honorable Conditions"--instead of "Honorable" for which I signed. The Honorable Discharge first shown to me was used as BAIT to procure my signature. It was a fraudulent discharge.

Everything had been neatly planned by the opposition. The next thing I knew, two military policemen came into the office and I was taken off the base and deposited on the highway. On that highway I stood near a replica of the statue showing Marines raising the flag on Mount Surabachi... I was shocked and dumbfounded; it just didn't seem real.

Back in civilian life, I went to work for the Party full time. Every weekend, without fail, we held a Nazi rally in the nation's capital.

During one of the rallies at Judiciary Square on 5th & E Street (we alternated between the Mall and the Square), Commander Rockwell sent me ahead with instructions to begin speaking until he arrived!

I had never before spoken in public! I was nervous and shaky when I stood in the middle of that little square to speak.

Continued on next page

Next Issue:

The life story of

Lt. Allen Vincent

San Francisco Nazi Leader

At first I was hesitant and spoke haltingly, but then I began to warm up. Words came to me almost natutally and in a great flow, vocally expressing what I had heretofore only felt in my heart. My voice thundered in that little square and everyone began to look my way and listen!

When I finished, my comrades cheered and Commander Rockwell, who had arrived during the middle of my speech, rushed up and wildly shook my hand. From that day on, I shared the speaker's podium with the Commander.

The most outstanding event I recall from back in those early years was the great Boston riot.

The Commander and I and four other troopers marched into a crowd of ten thousand screaming Jews to picket the pro-Zionist movie "Exodus".

The Jews tried to kill us. Out in the middle of that enormous crowd of hostile Jews, I thought my last day on earth had arrived. Another event was the famous "Hate Bus" ride through the South. I was placed in command of this mission. When we reached New Orleans, we were all arrested and jailed. We went on a six day hunger strike to bring attention to our plight. Later, on an appeal to a higher court, the charges were dismissed.

The environmentalists and Jew-oriented psychiatrists will no doubt attribute my political activity and extremist beliefs to my "unfortunate" childhood experiences. But, my brother, who experienced the exact environment as I did, and who underwent the same hardships, lives an opposite life than mine. He is today a happily married man, a peaceful non-political citizen and the owner of a small business he built up himself.

Dedicated, fanatical idealists are born, not made. They are nature's antidote to the poisonous perversions of her eternal laws.

.....

SOME FURTHER NOTES OF INTEREST:

John Patler, who is in charge of the Party printing facility at the Spotsylvania Camp is a non-drinker and non-smoker, has brown hair and brown eyes, and stands 5' 8".

Practically all of the art-work (cartooning, designing, lay-outs, etc.) of Party literature is the work of Capt. Patler.

Ex: One of the most popular items printed by the Party is the world-famous "Boat Ticket" which was designed and illustrated by Capt. Patler and Commander Rockwell who wrote the copy.

Also, many of the most successful and dramatic events staged by the Party were planned and coordinated by Capt. Patler.

This is the first time we have ever presented more than a brief biographical outline of a Party Officer as is standard procedure in the "Know Your Officers" section of Stormtrooper Magazine.

Yet, in spite of the length of the above autobiography, much of the full story, including personal views and opinions of the subject, have been omitted owing to a lack of real space. (A whole book can be written on the life of every man serving the cause.)

If you like the idea of enlarging on each officer's life, as we have attempted to do with Captain Patler, we will continue this procedure in future issues, even returning to those officers whose biographical sketches have appeared in previous issues to repeat and enlarge upon their stories in greater detail. Let us know. Stormtrooper Magazine, Box 215, Rt. 3, Spotsylvania, Va. 22553

Questions & Answers

WHAT IS THE SWASTIKA AND WHY DO YOU PLACE A GLOBE (LITTLE BLUE DOT) IN THE CENTER OF THE SWASTIKA?

The Swastika (hooked cross) was an ancient symbol used by many different people throughout history. Our own American Indians once used the Swastika as a symbol of good luck.

Adolf Hitler, in his struggle against Communism, adopted the Swastika as the symbol of his movement which he called "National Socialist".

National Socialists believe in the preservation, protection and advancement of the White Race of people everywhere on earth.

In its initial stage, Hitler's movement was expressly concerned with Germany and the particular group of White People who lived within that nation. The National Socialists of Germany were very strict nationalists in an era of stringent nationalism.

We National Socialists of today, living in an era of internationalism and faced with an impending international colored threat, have entered the next and most important phase which is international unity among all White Peoples. We believe that all the White People of the world should be united--regardless of different nationalities. In this respect, we are "internationalists". This is why we have placed the globe (little blue dot) in the center of the Swastika to represent the world and all the White People who live in the world. It means that we are a world-wide movement and we stand for all White men and women who belong to what we call the "White Family of People". Examples of people who belong to the White Race are those people from Northern and Southern Europe such as the English people, German people, Italian, Irish, Greek, French, Scandinavian, Spanish, Russian, Yugoslavian, Polish, etc.

Hitler also used the word "Aryan" to describe the White Race. Thousands and thousands of years ago, the word "Aryan" was used to describe only one group of White people. Today we use the word "Aryan" to describe ALL White People who are not Jewish. (It is highly recommended that the more easily understood phrase "White People" be used among the masses instead of the esoteric term "Aryan" which should only be used within Party circles because it lacks mass emotional impact and appeal.

...

Adolf Hitler took the first step in the right direction. Now we, who have picked up where he left off, take the next step to enter the ultimate phase essential for survival: TOTAL WHITE UNITY.

White People from every corner of the earth must now unite as one

APRIL 20, 1889 - APRIL 30, 1945

great family to stand together as brothers and sisters for a common defense against the Negro, the Chinese and the other non-white masses who outnumber White People by a ratio of seven-to-one in the world today.

Anything LESS than international unity among ALL White People is racial suicide.

No longer can we afford the suicidal luxury of fatalistic nationalism which divides White People and forces us to kill ourselves off in senseless wars.

We will work relentlessly until the day comes that no White man will ever raise arms to hurt or kill his brother White men.

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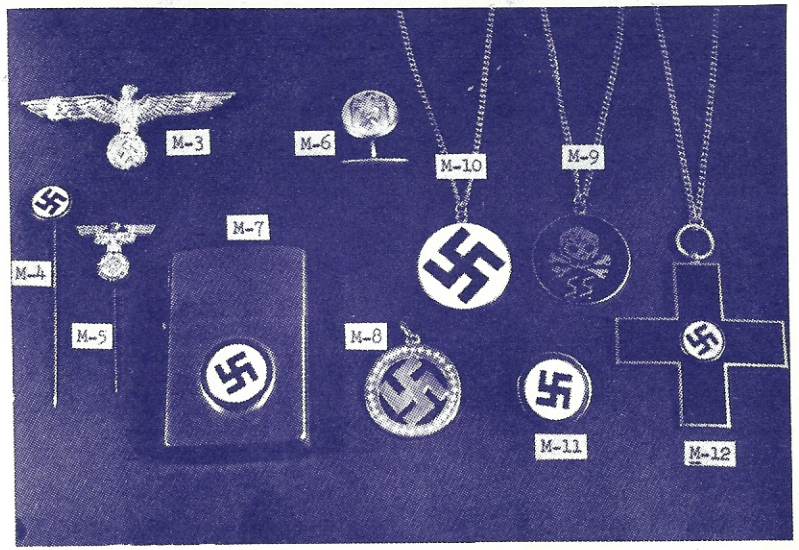

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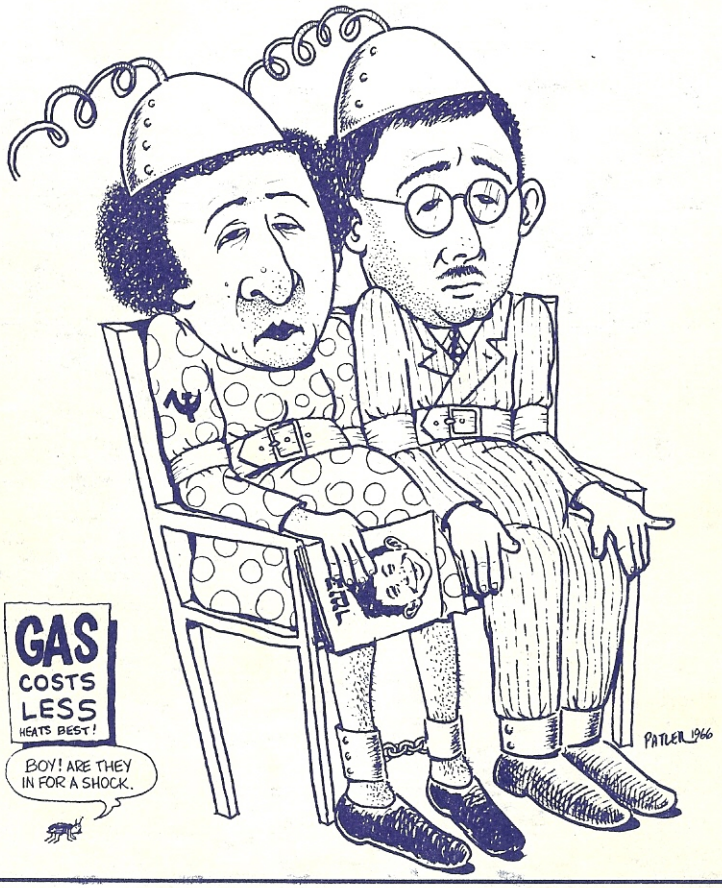

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